

Red vs Blue vs Green

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Summary: Set three months after episode 100 a rival force appears in Blood Gulch. A little bit more serious than Red vs. Blue but still in Rooster Teeth's nature. Please R&R, CONSTRUCTIVE criticism is welcome!

1. Green

Captain James Skilton looked t his new surroundings. As far as he could tell it was just a cave in the middle of a boxed canyon.

"This place is such a hole," he murmured to himself as he set up Green Army's flag, marking the cave his army's territory.

After a thousand years of the Civil War of Red vs. Blue a new army was established by the Outer Colonies, Green Army. It's only real purpose was so the Outer Colonies could make a name for themselves. Stupid thing to die for really.

Skilton was the only person in the Green Army stationed in Blood Gulch, but he was expecting reinforcements any day now from command. He was merely scouting out a secure LZ for the Pelican transporting his men.

Skilton picked up his Sniper Rifle, not that he was going to use it (he was a medium and close range specialist), and walked out of the cave. He levelled the scope to eye hight and peered throughâ€|

* * *

>Church was standing on top of Blue Base pegging rocks through the teleporter. He was bored and sad. It had been three months since the events with O'Malley and Tex but he still couldn't stop thinking of her. <p>He had loved her, even if he couldn't bring himself to admit it. He had tried to protect her but to no use; Omega had still managed to get into her head and they boarded the Pelican, then Andy explodedâ€|<p>

"Hey dude, what's up?" said Tucker, the cyan (or aqua as far as he was concerned) armoured Private, coming up the ramp.

"Just thinking," replied Church pegging another rock and watching it appear again in the distance.

"Bow-chicka-bow-wow!" exclaimed Tucker, resiting his famous (famous?) catchphrase.

"Dude what the f-ck?" asked Church "You're a pig!"

Tucker lowered his helmet "Sorry man, it's just I get so bored 'round here, you know? And the reds haven't been helping; all they do is stand around and talk."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," he said pegging another rock through the teleporter. He watched it come out the other side, smoking and charred, and spotted something. A Sniper Rifle's barrel.

"But its about to get a hell of a lot less boring now! Duck!" screamed Church pulling his comrade to the ground.

* * *

>"Shit!" said James pulling the gun's trigger twice then swapping for his Battle Rifle so it was easier to run. He tore his way across the middle of Blood Gulch, putting as much space as he could between him and his base. He had been here an hour and already blown his cover, not to mention wasting two scarce sniper rounds. <p>Shots flew past his head as he tore through the canyon. He didn't know where he was going, as long as it was away from the base that's all that mattered.<p>

The shooting stopped for a moment. He knew what this meant; they were actually taking aim. He kept running regardless, thenâ€|

BANG!

The bullet tore through his thigh and his leg seized up and he flew some way.

"Crap, I guess this is it," he said to himself.

* * *

>"Dude! You actually hit him! I thought you sucked at that thing!" exclaimed Tucker, applauding. <p>"Yeah, I was aiming for his head but I couldn't care less!" said Church. At this Tucker stopped clapping. "Why'd you stop clapping?"<p>

"You really suck," said Tucker flatly.

"Oh shut up and get DuFresne," replied Church jumping down from the base, running towards the guy.

"What the hell kind of name is that!" shouted Tucker.

"Just do it!" shouted Church, still running. When he reached the soldier his first emotion was shock. He was wearing green armour

(olive, to be exact). Now what did that mean?

Church kicked James in the stomach, hard, but not so hard as to wind him, and asked, "Who are you?"

Skilton coughed and laughed at the same time then, using the last of his energy, gave Church the finger. He then fainted.

"Jerk!" said Church kicking him as hard as he could. Just then Tucker and Doc showed up.

"I got 'DuFresne' or what ever the hell his weird-ass name is," said Tucker trying a little too hard to be cool "I reckon Doc's a better name."

"Please don't call me Doc; I'm a Medic not a doctor. And also my name is not 'weird-ass' it's better than 'Lavernius'!" replied Doc.

"You two shut up, this guy will end up thinking your married, cause that's what your acting like!" said Church "Anyway, who the hell is he is he?"

"I don't know what green armour means but if we want to see who he is we could just take his helmet off, but I'll have to treat that leg first or he could die," said Doc.

"Do your stuff, Doc. When your done bring him back to base. I'll send Sister to help you," ordered Church.

Please don't call me Doc " oh what's the point?" began Doc but realizing it was hopeless gave up.

Church and Tucker were walking back to the base when Tucker asked

"Church, why do we want him to survive? He shot at us twice!"

"We need to know who he is and why's he here," replied Church "Something just doesn't seem right."

* * *

>"Sarge! Sarge!" yelled Simmons, the maroon wearing Private, running up the ramp of Red Base. <p>'What is it Simmons? Did Donut redecorate the living quarters again?" asked Sarge remembering terrifying event that led to the burning of many heart-shaped cushions.<p>

"No Sarge, worse!" replied Simmons now standing, panting, next to his superior.

"Oh no! Don't tell me Griff was killed by a Blue! I was saving his death for my birthday!" exclaimed Sarge.

"No sir, the Blues they were opening fire!"

"On Griff?" asked Sarge.

Simmons sighed, "No. It was on a guy dressed in green armour!"

"Dirty Griff! He must have painted his armour green so he could join the Blues! And Green is just a very demented shade of blue!" said Sarge, running down the ramp. "Let's get that dirty double crosser, care for him, then, when he's in a false sense of security, poison his food!"

"Green? Shade of blue? Oh what the hell!" said Simmons running after Sarge.

2. Shooter

James woke up in a small, steel walled room. He was leaning against one of the walls and he tried to move. Pain shot up his leg and he remembered his wound. He looked down to see his thigh wrapped in a pink cloth.

"Don't move, you might hurt yourself!" exclaimed a feminine voice.

"Huh?" said James rather stupidly. He looked up and saw a person in yellow armour. "Who are you?"

The girl thought for a bit and finally replied "Uhhhâ€¦ I can't remember my real name anymore but everyone just calls me 'Sister'. Who are you?"

"I'm injured," said Skilton. He wasn't allowed to tell anyone his real name, but with someone this stupid she would probably think his name actually was injured.

"Ok 'Injured', your hurtâ€¦ that's kinda hot!" said Sister rather enthusiastically.

James laughed "Thanks, but I--" he begun but was cut off by some entering Blues.

"Sister! I thought I told you not to talk to the prisoner!" said Church sternly but not angrily, seriously what else did he expect from Sister?

"Sorry, but I couldn't ignore a face like that!" she exclaimed.

Face? What did she mean by that? Oh no! James lifted his hands to feel his helmet but instead of a metal covering all he felt was his flesh.

"Oh crap," he said lowering his hands. "You bastards took my helmet off!"

"Whoa! You swear? That's kinda hot!" said Sister.

"I think I'm starting to like this girlâ€¦" began Skilton when Tucker burst outâ€¦

"You stay away from her!" he said, jumping forward from the other Blues and raising his Battle Rifle to James' head high.

"Meh, like you had a chance with her anyways," replied James

smugly.

Tucker was about to say something when Church put his arms between them. "Whoa! Tucker, sit down and shut up! And you, whoever you are, just shut up!"

"Whatever," said James.

Tucker trudged back to Church's side, cursing under his breath that this stranger had made him look bad in front of Sister. He was still mumbling when he reached Church but the cobalt clad Private just ignored him.

"Now listen you, we are going to ask the questions and you're gonna answer them. Ok?" stated Church.

"I won't tell you anythingâ€|" retorted Skilton.

Church smiled under his helmet; he had been hoping for this.

"Fine, you want it the hard way? So be it," said Church. Church and Tucker stepped aside revealing a standard blue armoured person standing behind themâ€|

"I like bunniesâ€|"

* * *

>"What so you mean Griff isn't the one they were shooting at?" asked Sarge over the radio.<p><p>

"Yeah Sarge, he's standing right next to me," replied a light red (cough, cough, pink!) armoured Private.

"You sure he's not a clone that's only purpose in life was to kill us in our sleep while Griff teamed with the Blues?"

"Sarge for the fifth time I'm not a freaking clone!" exclaimed an orange armoured Griff.

"Shut up you stupid clone! Cupcake, get to our position using the ATV, and bring that clone so we can use him as a shield!" ordered Sarge.

"Right away sir!" replied Donut, killing the radio. "Let's go!"

"Alright, alright I'm coming," replied Griff hoping on the back of the 'Mongoose'. "I still think 'Cheetah' was a better name than 'Mongoose'."

"I thought Sarge told you to stop making up animals!"

"I hate youâ€|"

* * *

>The Pelican touched down on top of the edge of the canyon's cliff. A soldier clad in dark green (sage) armour hopped out of the back and unlimbered a Sniper Rifle.<p><p>

"You remember how to engage the parachute?" yelled the pilot over the roar of the engines. The soldier merely nodded and turned around.

"More reinforcements will be arriving in the week," said the pilot.

The soldier shook his head and killed the radio. He then proceeded to sprint off the cliff and engaged the round parachute.

"Rude bastard," muttered the pilot as he raised his bird from the ground and flew into the distance

The Green soldier floated gracefully to the ground and swiftly removed his parachute's harness. He quickly wrapped up the light material and hid it behind a boulder; he had to make sure stealth was maintained.

When he was done he sprinted from cover to cover, occasionally peering through his scope. He repeated this until he spotted two contacts; a standard red one, most likely the underling, and a maroon one. The red one was holding a Shotgun and the other a Battle Rifle.

He weighed up the facts; if he shot maroon one it would mean that the red, Shotgun wielding one would be useless using the close combat weapon against him at this range, also since his leader was wounded or dead he would be in disarray. Not to mention that the whole Red Squad stationed would be leaderless if he did die.

That settled it. The Green raised his Sniper Rifle, scoped and fired. His shot was a little off aim, he was rusty, but the shot did hit the maroon one's shoulder; disabling him.

He quickly shouldered his Sniper Rifle and sprinted away from his shooting position. He had made a distraction to keep the Reds busy, now all he had to do was rescue his Captain from the Blues

* * *

>The bullet tore through Simmons' shoulder.<p><p>

"SON OF A BITCH!" screamed Simmons as he fell to the ground, blood pouring from both entry and exit wounds.

"What the hell? Simmons!" exclaimed Sarge crouching over him. "This is supposed to happen to Griff not Simmons! Now who's going to kiss my ass!"

Just then Donut and Griff arrived in the Mongoose. Donut jumped off and crouched over Simmons too, but Griff just sat on the Mongoose folding his arms.

"Well thanks a lot, Sarge!" he said.

"Shut up!" exclaimed Donut in a rather deep, angry voice "What happened, Sarge?"

"What's it look like? Simmons was shot!" replied Sarge trying to stop

the blood with his hands. It was then Griff realized something, Sarge was scared. He didn't know what to do but he did.

"Donut," he said, taking full control of the team "take the ATV to Blue Base and get Doc. Sarge, help me take Simmons into the caves encase that shooter comes back."

Donut hopped on to the Mongoose and asked "What if they don't give him to me?"

"Donut, I really couldn't care less! Shot them if you have to, just hurry up!" said Griff sternly.

"That sounds fun!" said Donut in the same deep voice and drove off.

Griff grabbed an unconscious Simmons by the arms and Sarge grabbed his feet. They lifted him up and headed towards the cave. Simmons had to survive he had to.

3. Who am I?

"Oh God! Make him stop! Make him stop!" moaned James.

"And that's the story of how Sister came to live with me from the moon," finished Caboose.

"Argh! I can't live with this!" exclaimed Skilton, trying to tear the pink bandage off his leg. "Anything's better than this!"

"Stop that!" exclaimed Church, pushing James' hands away from the cloth. "Listen you, are you going to answer our questions or is Caboose here going to start talking again. Got it?"

James stuck his finger up at Church, "Up yours."

"Fine then, Caboose, can you tell our friend here another story?" asked Church.

"Ok Church, I'm going to tell the story of how you and me became best friends," said Caboose.

Suddenly Skilton thought of something. He started 'scratching' his right wrist randomly.

"What are you doing?" asked Tucker.

"I'm just itchy," replied James, still 'scratching' wrist.

"Bow-chicka-bow-wow!"

"Shut up, Tucker!"

* * *

>'Tap-tap-tap' was all that could be heard over Green Army's local radio. It was Morse Code, a complex language composed of tapping sounds. They sage armoured sniper quickly deciphered the code though.

It sounded something like this:<p><p>

This is Captain James Skilton Serial Number: 2256785 of Green Army stationed in Blood Gulch. I am being held hostage in Blue Base and am being subject to torture. I am holding up well at the moment but it is only a matter of time until they succeed in their attempt for information. It would also seem that the Blue Team here has not been informed of Green Army's existence, strange for we have been in this war for quite some time now. James Skilton over and out.

Now that was strange. Why would the Blues have no Intel on Green Army. Oh well, all that meant was that the shooter had the advantage of surprise.

He moved silently towards the Blue Base. He examined it using his scope. There seemed to be no guards or anything, oddâ€|

Suddenly the roar of an engine could be heard and the sage armoured sniper melted into the shadows. An ATV with a pink soldier, most likely a woman due to the way the person sat on the bike, riding it tore towards the Red Base. He seemed to be alone, that did not make sense though. There should be at least two others with him; those where standard Red operating procedures.

The pink soldier kept riding towards the Blue Base until he was about ten metres away and he hopped off. He sprinted towards the base, his weapon lowered; he didn't seem aggressive at all. When he reached the ramp he started yelling, for a 'Doc' as far as the sniper could tell from this distance.

After a minute or so a cyan soldier emerged, his gun lowered too. Now, the sniper could have eliminated both of the contacts with little trouble at that very moment, but he didn't. There was something that didn't quite add up. Why weren't they killing each other? The sniper just watched onâ€|

* * *

>"I need Doc now!" exclaimed Donut. He didn't have time for this.<p><p>

"Look I just give up Doc like that! What if this just a trick to get the medic away from us so he can't help us when you attack!" replied Tucker.

"For Christ's sake this ain't a trick! Just give me Doc!" retorted Donut.

"Hey I can't do thaâ€"" began Tucker before Donut butted inâ€|

"Look, you see this gun?" said Donut in a deep voice, raising his gun to Tucker's head "It's going to put three bullets into your f-cking head unless you get Doc out here right now."

Tucker raised his hands above his head "Ok, ok, just don't shot me!" He then walked inside and emerged a few minutes later with a purple clad Medic.

"What's the problem?" asked Doc politely.

"Just get on," answered Donut hopping back onto the ATV.

* * *

>Griff placed an unconscious Simmons on the ground and stared in awe.<p><p>

They were in the caves now and they had stumbled upon something. Something huge.

There were weapons everywhere. Sniper Rifles, Battle Rifles, Shotguns, Magnums, even a couple of Rocket Launchers. The only thing wrong with it was a lack of ammo. There was also a green flag in the middle of the cave.

"Sarge, get that flag there and bandage Simmons' wound with it," ordered Griff, Sarge immediately tore the flag out of the ground and ran over to Simmons. He tore the material off the pole and wrapped it tightly around Simmons' shoulder. That should last until Donut and Doc got there.

Sarge was so focused on helping Simmons that he didn't notice what Griff did. He didn't notice that when he moved the flag a huge cryo-tube was revealed.

"What in the --?" asked Griff, staring at their new discovery. Sarge didn't look up, he was too busy trying to help Simmons; he was completely focused.

Griff edged towards the cryo-tube, not knowing what to expect. He tried to look inside but the glass was foggy; there was a slight hint of green though. He looked around and saw a control pad.

"I might as well," said Griff to himself, as Sarge was still trying to revive Simmons. Griff lowered his Battle Rifle and pressed a few buttons on the control pad. The cryo-tube hissed as steam was released. The caves became full of mist a Griff couldn't even see his own hands.

"Griff, what's happening," came Sarge's voice through the mist.

Griff was about to answer when the mist suddenly cleared, sucked in through vents installed on the roof of the cave. A soldier dressed in green armour stood in front of Griff.

"Who's Griff?" he asked them innocently "Who am I?"

4. Fuck!

"Who am I?" asked the green armoured stranger again. The two Reds were still shocked at this so Griff could hardly even mouth a reply.

"That-that's what we should be a-asking you," sputtered Griff. The Green raised his hand to his helmet's chin and nodded.

"I suppose so," he replied. He looked like he was about to say

something else when he noticed Simmons. "You're friend, he's injured!"

"Yeah, he was shot by a sniper," said Griff "But don't worry we've sent for a doctor."

"He'll be dead before he arrives!" exclaimed the Green swiftly moving towards Simmons' side. He then pulled out a strange device that looked kind of like Doc's medical tool. He activated it and brought the glowing tip into the wound making Simmons grunt in pain.

"What are you doing!" said Sarge trying to grab the device and pull it out of Simmons shoulder but the Green merely shrugged him off. Sarge tried again.

"Keep him off of me!" ordered the Green. Griff nodded and pulled his Sergeant off of the stranger.

"Griff, let go of me!" he yelled.

"No Sarge. Look!"

The device began humming loudly and began to glow brighter and brighter.

"You guys might want to cover your eyes," said the Green soldier. Sarge looked at Griff, head tilted slightly. Griff nodded evading his gaze from the device. Sarge did the same.

Suddenly there was a huge explosion as the soldier released the trigger. A massive explosion of blood and green energy burst from the wound.

"NOOOOOOO!" screamed Sarge, grabbing the Green soldier and punching him in the helmet. "You killed Simmons!"

"You bastard!" added Griff raising his Battle Rifle at the Greens head. He was about to shoot when he heardâ€|

"Sarge? Griff? What the hell are you going on about? I'm fine," said Simmons, sitting up and rubbing his head.

Sarge's jaw dropped (not like anybody saw it though because of his helmetâ€| stupid armourâ€|) "But what about the bleeding and the exploding and the Blues and the defeating of the Blue by using your body as a projectile!?!"

"Sarge like I said I'm alright and screw you if you were going to use my body as a projectile!" replied Simmons to his superior's stupidity.

Griff and the Green guy looked at each other. They both shrugged in unison.

"We need to talk, now!" said Griff pointing at the stranger.

"Understood," replied the Green soldier. He thought Griff was obviously somebody not to be trifled with.

"Sarge? I'm going outside for some fresh air and I'm taking him with me, OK?" asked Griff.

"Shut up Griff! I couldn't care less! I'm just happy to have my Simmons back!" yelled Sarge happily, bear hugging Simmons.

"Your Simmons? What the fuck? Get off of me!" screamed Simmons.

The Green and the orange soldiers had already walked outside the cave.

"Doesn't your superior know we can't breathe the air outside through our suits, Griff?" asked the Green.

Griff laughed "No. Sarge is an idiotâ€¦ Hey how did you know my name?" he added accusingly.

"My HUD system is labelling you that andâ€¦ oh dearâ€¦" the Green guy trailed off.

"What? What is it?" asked Griff in a high-pitched voice.

"It says you're an enemyâ€¦" he pulled a Pistol from his side and pointed it at Griff's head.

"Fuck meâ€¦"

* * *

>James stayed slouched over on the wall. Most of the Blues had gone to other parts of the base now that he had told them what they needed to know. Sister was the only one guarding him and she just looked blankly out into space.<p><p>

Now James was nothing. A hollow shell that knew nothing of honour. He had told them everything. Who he was. Where the base was. Green operating procedures. Everythingâ€¦

Hang on he thought. He hadn't told them one bit of information. A piece of scrap that could save him. They didn't know that a retrieval team was on its way to save him right now.

He smiled as he thought of the Green Army storming into the base killing everyone. Killing everyoneâ€¦

James looked over to Sister standing there quietly looking at him. He shot her a quick and cheesy smile. He quite liked this girl and he didn't want her to dieâ€¦ The images of the Green retrieval team running in and mercilessly killing a screaming Sister was too much. He had to escape before they came.

"Hey, Sister, come here, I want to tell you something," said Skilton gesturing her to come over.

"I don't knowâ€¦ Church told me not to talk to youâ€¦" said Sister sadly.

"Didn't stop you before," replied James giving her a smile.

Sister's head suddenly shot up in delight and she walked over to the

Green Captain. "What is it?" she asked bending over.

"Sorry," replied Skilton as he shot to his feet and grabbed her. Pain shot up his leg but he ignored it. He reached to a knife at his waist and brought it up to Sister's throat. She started to scream.

"Shut up! This for your own good!" he yelled into her helmets receivers. However, Sister did not stop screaming and threw the Captain over her head with surprising ease. He slammed into the wall and slid to the ground and slowly edged himself up.

The yellow clad Blue shifted into a ready stance and gestured for him. "Come on shit head."

"Oh bring it on you crazy bitch," started James. "And don't think that kung-fu crap's gonna help either," he added spinning the blade elegantly in his hand.

Skilton charged at the Blue soldier and swung the knife towards her throat. Sister brought her arm up and the blade bounced off her gauntlet violently. The shock vibrated up James' arm loosening his grip on the knife's handle. Sister brought her leg up and kicked the knife out of his hand then followed through by bringing her foot down towards the Green's unarmoured head. James brought his arm's up in a cross over his head and deflected her boot. Sister lost her balance and toppled over backwards.

"Suck on that!" bloated a smiling Skilton but Sister brought her hands down and turned the fall into a handstand and then flipped back to her feet.

James frowned.

Sister stayed silent and slid back into the same stance. Skilton twitched; he was eager to run in and attack but he didn't. He did, however, make a run for his knife in the corner. Sister followed suite.

Pain shot up his leg, again and again, but he ignored it. He had to get that knife. Sister jumped from behind him and caught hold of his legs, driving two of her fingers in to wound on his thigh.

"FUCK!" screamed James as he toppled over. He hit the floor with a dull thud and his skull smashed into the floor.

Sister got up and stood over the unconscious Captain and smiled under her helmet. She lent over him and whispered in his ear "I

"That's why you never fuck with a black belt," she smiled and began to stand up when a hand shot up and grabbed her by the arm.

"Haven't slept with you yet, bitch," sneered James as he thrust the knife into her back, piercing the power core and ultimately putting her armour into lock-down.

Skilton looked down on her motionless body. "It was for the best" and he limped out of the Blue Base.

Donut and Doc sped across Blood Gulch on the Mongoose towards the cave. Doc estimated from Donut's description of what had happened that Simmons had fifteen minutes at the most if he did not get medical attention. They pulled up to cave entrance in silence and moved ran in.

"Tell me, where is the Captain?!" exclaimed a voice from around the corner and Donut and Doc stopped abruptly.

"I swear to God we don't know!" replied Simmons in a whiney voice.

"Yeah, if we did we would tell you!" added Griff; now back to his usual un-heroic self.

"No we wouldn't you dirty traitor!" retorted Sarge kicking Griff with bound legs.

"Owww..." murmured Griff.

"And even if we did we wouldn't tell you, you dirty Blue!" added Sarge.

The Green cocked his head then thrust it back in a maniacal laugh. "I am no Blue you fool! I am Private Ivory Roberts of the Green Army! I probably shouldn't be telling you my name but no matter, for as soon as you tell me where my Captain is I can dispose of you lot."

"What's Green Army?" whispered Donut.

"Your guess is as good as mine," replied Doc.

"We already told you we don't know where this Captain of yours is!" said Griff.

"Also why did you help us before?" inquired Sarge.

"I had amnesia from the landing into this 'Blood Gulch' and put in this cryo-tube. But as soon as my friend or foe tagger came back online the memories came flooding back," explained Ivory.

"But we have never even heard of Green Army!" exclaimed Simmons.

"That is a lie!" retorted Ivory pointing at his hostages angrily "What isn't a lie however is that you don't know where my Captain is so it seems I have no use for you leftâ€|" and he raised a pistol in the previously pointing hand.

"I have heard enough," muttered Donut in a angry tone and he jumped round the corner firing his Assault Rifle.

"Fuck!" voiced Ivory as he leapt to the floor and fired a pistol round at the pink soldier. Donut strafed to the left narrowly avoiding the incoming shots while maintaining fire on the Green. Ivory would have already been torn apart if Donut had not been forced to strafe but still, the imbecile's shots had been dangerously accurate.

"How is he doing that, Sarge?" asked Simmons.

"I don't know, son, but maybe some of my prowess rubbed off on the lad," answered Sarge proudly.

Ivory combat rolled away from the automatic rifle's bullets and returned the favour while Donut was forced to reload. Donut pulled behind the cryo-tube as he slammed a fresh magazine into the gun.

"Strange, Donut, your accuracy seems far better than what is said in the Green Army Intelligence Database," inquired Ivory.

"Well it seems your so called 'intelligence' isn't that 'intelligent'," stated Donut "They didn't even get my fucking name right."

"Oh really, what is your name then, pinky?" asked the Green.

"O'Malley," replied the pink dreadnought laughing as he tore from cover firingâ€|

* * *

>AN: The next part of the chapter will skip around quite quickly but that's just so the scene can be played out as hectically as I intended.

Tucker was bored. There was nothing to do and no sign of the Reds since Donut had came to pick up Doc.

"I might as well check up on Sister," he murmured to himself; he could stand the thought of her being alone in a room with that Green, Captain James Skilton.

"Hey Church! I'm gonna check up on Sister on the prisoner!" yelled Tucker.

"Why? Nothing would have happened," replied Church.

"S'pose so but stillâ€|" began Tucker trailing off embarrassed.

"Do you wuuuuuuuuuuuuuv her?" asked Caboose stupidly.

"No I don't!" steamed Tucker.

"Whateverâ€| just hurry back before we all die of boredom," said Church.

Tucker nodded and walked into the base.

* * *

>The sage sniper eyed the Blue Base through his gun's scope. His brain working as fast as it could. He could pick two of the three sitting on top of the base with ease but then the other would only alert the rest of the squadron inside the base and he didn't like the idea of risking it against a skilled marksman. <p>The one in cyan

armour stood up lazily then went into the base. Perfect. He could now pick off the remaining two in relative silence. He shifted his Sniper Rifle so it was directed at the Blue one's head and was about to fire when he saw movement in the very bottom of his scope. He shifted the gun againâ€¦

It was the Captain! This was good. Now he didn't have to infiltrate the base single handed. He examined James; he was in a bad state; he was limping and he was missing his helmet. Luckily none of the Blues could see him and if they stayed in the same position wouldn't be able to see him until it was too late.

The shooter waited motionlessly; unable to shoot as the other Blues would shift positions and see the Captain. Then, even with an Assault Rifle, would be able to take out the helmet less Captain with ease. He could only waitâ€¦

* * *

>"Hey, Sister, how's the ass--" began Tucker entering the room.
<p>Sister was lying motionless on the floor with a knife in her back. Tucker ran to her side and pulled the knife out of her back, strangely there was no blood. He heard a muffled sound and removed Sister's helmet.<p>

Sister gasped for breath. Tucker rolled her onto her back.

"What happened?"

Sister coughed "He escaped. Nothing I could doâ€¦ what are you still doing here? Get Church!" she exclaimed. Tucker pulled away slowly. It pained him to leave her there but he knew what must be done. He sprinted to the roof in a second.

"Church! He's escaped!"

* * *

>The Blues were still just sitting around and the Captain was safe. Skilton was about three hundred metres away from when the cyan soldier came up the ramp and they began to move. <p>The standard blue one raised his gun, fired into the air a couple of times and began running in circles. The light blue one motioned to the cyan soldier and pointed towards the Captain. The two raised their guns.<p>

Oh no you don't thought the shooter and opened fire on the two ready ones. They flung to cover and the Blue one simply crouched and covered his head. The sniper ignored him and continued to watch and fire.

* * *

>"Holy Shit!" yelled Skilton and he began running. Pain shot up his leg and the bullet wound burned, forcing him to slow down. He slumped towards the trails left by the Sniper Rifle's bullets. That was his best bet.<hr>Church lunged and hid behind one of the defensive barriers on the base and looked towards Tucker who had done the same.

"You hit?" asked Church.

"Nah I'm alrightâ€| but Sister isn't she's still in the base and her armours' in lock-down!" exclaimed Tucker and moved to the ramp but was fired upon by the sniper.

"TUCKER! Stay in cover, Sister will be safe in the base," said Church motioning for his friend to move back into cover. He nodded and moved back.

"Who do you think is shooting at us?" asked Tucker.

"I don't know," replied Church and he snuck a peek around the barrier "But our Green friend sure seems to know him."

* * *

>The sniper reloaded his weapon with ease; pulling the release, letting the magazine drop to the ground and feeding another in. He could only pray that the Blues would use the lull to fire on the Captain. He locked the magazine in place and raised his head. Something was missingâ€| <p>The Captain!<p>

A firm hand clasped on his shoulder. He reached for his Magnum sidearm.

"Relax soldier, but please, do give me that gun," ordered James and the sniper handed him the handgun. It was a giant of a thing, much better than the shitty black things he saw the blues using. It was the M6G.

James fired a few shots and motioned to the sniper. "Leave them, they won't come out of cover and the standard blue is a retard."

The sage soldier nodded and let his superior lean on his shoulder and headed for the cavesâ€|

End
file.